Vnder the conduct of this Traitor Cade?
To riſe againſt your Soueraigne Lord and King,
Who mildly hath his pardon ſent to you,
If you forſake this monſtrous Rebell heere?
If honor be the marke whereat you ayme,
Then haſt to France that our fore-fathers won,
And win againe that thing which now is loſt,
And leaue to ſeeke your Countries ouerthrow.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford.

They forſake Cade

Cade. Why how now, wil you forſake your general,
And ancient freedome which you haue poſſeſt?
To bend your neckes vnder their ſeruile yokes,
Who if you ſtir, will ſtraight way hang you vp.
But follow me, and you ſhall pull them downe,
And make them yeeld their liuings to your hands.

All. A Cade, a Cade.

They run to Cade againe.

Clif. Braue warlike friends, heare me but ſpeake,
Refuſe not good whilſt it is offered you:
The King is mercifull, then yeelde to him,
And I my ſelfe will go along with you
To Winſore Caſtle, whereas the King abides,
And on mine honour you ſhall haue no hurt.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford, God ſaue the King.

Cade. How like a feather is this raſcall company
Blowne euery way?
But that they may ſee there wants no valiancy in me,
My ſtaffe ſhall make way through the midſt of you,
And ſo a poxe take you all.

He runs through them with his ſtaffe,
and then flies away.

Buc. Go ſome and make after him, and proclaime,
That thoſe that can bring the head of Cade,
Shall haue a thouſand Crownes for his labour.
Come march away. *Exit om.*

Enter

Enter King Henry, and the Queene, and Somerſet.

King. Lord Sommerſet, what newes heare you of the Rebell Cade?

Som. This my gracious Lord, that the Lord Say is done to death, and the City is almoſt ſackt.

King. Gods will be done, for as he hath decreed, ſo muſt it be:
And be as he pleaſe, to ſtop the pride of thoſe rebellious men.

Qu. Had the noble Duke of Suffolke bene aliue,
The Rebell Cade had bene ſuppreſt ere this,
And all the reſt that do take part with him.

Enter the Duke of Buckingham and Clifford, with the Rebels, with halters about their neckes.

Cliff. Long liue King Henry, Englands lawfull King:
Loe heere my Lord, theſe Rebels are ſubdude,
And offer their liues before your highneſſe feete.

King. But tell me Clifford, is their Captaine heere.

Clif. No my gracious Lord, he is fled away, but proclamations are ſent forth, that he that can but bring his head ſhall haue a thouſand crownes. But may it pleaſe your Maieſty to pardon theſe their faults, that by theſe traitors means were thus miſled.

King. Stand vp you ſimple men, and giue God praiſe,
For you did take in hand you know not what,
And go in peace obedient to your King,
And liue as ſubiects, and you ſhall not want,
Whilſt Henry liues, and weares the Engliſh Crowne.

All. God ſaue the King, God ſaue the King.

King. Come let vs haſt to London now with ſpeede,
That ſolemne proceſſions may be ſung,
In laud and honor of the God of heauen,
And triumphs of this happy victorie. *Exit omnes*

Enter Iacke Cade at one doore, and at the other, M. Alexander Eyden and his men, and Iacke Cade lies down picking of hearbes and eating them.

Eyden. Good Lord how pleaſant is this country life,
This little land my father left me heere,
With my contented minde, ſerues me as well,
As all the pleaſures in the Court can yeeld,

Nor

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